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Two Crosses and A Crown

DEDICATED TO THE
AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

BY HARRY G. SELTZER

AMERICAN CONSUL IN BRESLAU, GERMANY,
DURING THE EUROPEAN WAR, 1914-17

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Yours very truly,

Harry L. Sethzer

American Consul, Breslau, 1914-17.

TWO CROSSES *and* A CROWN

By HARRY G. SELTZER
American Consul in Breslau, Germany, during the
European War, 1914-17

FIRST EDITION
1918

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Solarium presented to Cosel by American Red Cross.

PREFACE.

The following story is only a page out of my many and varied war experiences in Germany. And these simple incidents are typical of every country engaged in war. The rather disconnected historical facts in the introduction are all necessary to a proper understanding of my personal feelings, all of which the reader will understand in the succeeding chapters.

If this little volume will arouse a keener sense of patriotism and a deeper devotion to the activities of the American Red Cross, its object will have been fulfilled. It will hardly be necessary to explain that the last chapter of imaginative prophecy is only the product of a real desire of the author. The refined collective thinking of the civilized world may yet make this dream come true.

Acknowledgment is hereby made of the valuable criticisms of my good friends, Mr. Dan C. Vaughan, Dr. Frederick Willson, and Rev. Charles F. Freeman, who were kind enough to read the original manuscript, and of the encouraging assistance of numerous other friends who have shown their appreciation of my first effort to give these war experiences to the public.

Respectfully, the Author.

TWO CROSSES *and* A CROWN

INTRODUCTION.

"My boys."—May 5, 1906, long before I knew anything about the American Consular Service, will always remain as a milestone in my life. I was then a teacher in Calvary Reformed Sunday School, Philadelphia, and my class consisted of five boys—Francis Woolson, Alan Taylor, Ed. Frankenberger, Herbert Cooley, and Herbert B. Gerhart.

On the evening of that memorable day, the boys assembled at my home and organized the "Philo Bible Class." The class grew in numbers and in influence, and the "friendly hand" was always extended to others. On Christmas eve, 14 of these boys met in the church, and after rehearsing four Christmas hymns, we went out at midnight to sing for the sick of the congregation. At 6 o'clock we returned for the early services in the church. That was 12 years ago, but the "Christmas Carolers" of Calvary are now a fixed institution numbering over 200 men—still *"My boys."*

The Iron Cross—On March 10, 1813, Frederick Wilhelm III, in grateful recognition of his brave Silesian troops, assembled his warriors in council

in the old Royal Palace in Breslau, and created a new order called the "Knights of the Iron Cross." The distinguishing emblem of the order was a Maltese cross made of Upper Silesian iron with a silver border.

Only those soldiers who had displayed exceptional heroism, unflinching bravery, or devoted loyalty were honored with this insignia. The Iron Cross survived the German wars with France and Austria, and the veterans of '71 still wear their medals with characteristic German pride. It is only natural then that the soldiers of the present European War should covet this distinction and strive for its attainment. We shall presently see how well this old warrior's plans matured.

The Red Cross.—Florence Nightingale and her heroic companions in the Crimean War first caught the spirit of mercy to the wounded in battle, and carried their plans to a successful execution. In 1859 the Swiss humanitarian, M. Henri Dunant, was caught in the dreadful carnage of the battle of Solferino; but he personally ministered to the wounded and organized others to assist him. In 1863, in answer to his appeals, the first conference looking toward more humane treatment in battle, met in Geneva; and the next year an International

Conference was held in which the first "Red Cross Treaty" was adopted.

At that time we were engaged in a great Civil War, but the spirit of charitable care for the sick and wounded was again demonstrated by Clara Barton and by the United States Sanitary Commission. But it was not until March 16, 1882, that the Government actually gave its adhesion to the Geneva Conference. In 1900, Congress gave the organization a national charter, and in 1905 a new association was incorporated under the name of the "American National Red Cross."

The European War.—In August, 1914, when the "God of War" released the storm of jealousy, hatred, malice, envy, deceit, and superstition which had been gathering for over a century; when its fury spread like a raving lion and overwhelmed everything in its path like a burning lava flood; when the "Death Demon" spread his wings and snapped his relentless jaws over the homes of the unsuspecting peasantry of Europe, and when unseen mines of diabolical design were sending thousands to a watery grave; it became my duty to proceed to Breslau and take charge of the American Consulate in that city.

The excitement of the trip on the "Gold ship" TENNESSEE and the weight of responsibility which I was soon to assume in a war country, made me forget these terrors on sea and land; for it was my first duty to be calm and peaceful in the midst of the battle's confusion. The American people, with characteristic charity and sympathy, also heard the cries of the suffering from across the wide ocean wave, and responded most nobly to the call for surgeons and nurses.

Early in October a body of over 200 expert surgeons and nurses of the American Red Cross came to Europe on the good ship ROTTERDAM and were soon distributed through England, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Russia, and Serbia. They came on a mission of love to all alike, and the sufferers, at least, regarded them as friends.

Since two of these units were assigned to the Breslau district, it became my pleasant privilege to welcome them and to concern myself for their welfare and protection. The following story is only a history of my relations with them, my experiences and conversations with the wounded soldiers in the hospitals, and my general impressions of German life as I found it during the war.

Permit me, then, to introduce the following members of the American Red Cross who were assigned to duty in Germany.

Unit "I"

Surgeons:

CHAS. H. SANDERS
John F. Spearman
Grover A. C. Stem

Nurses:

ANNA L. REUTINGER
Lily M. McEnany
Bertha H. Becht
Virginia A. Rau
Mary Weiss
Claudia O'Neill
Helen A. Fitz
Kathryn J. Ulmer
Donna G. Burgar
Harriet P. Hankins
Elise Evers
Dorothea Mann
Alice B. Weston
Caroline W. Bell

Unit "G"

Surgeons:

B. F. BRADBURY
Robert H. Newman
John Lancer

Nurses:

FRANCES H. MEYER
S. Louise Stone
Louisa Siegel
Anna E. Goertz
Linda K. Meiers
Ellen J. Thomas
Grace Wilday
Hattie B. Moore
Lillian L. Halliday
Esther Rosenberg
Sara R. McCarron

Railway Station, Breslau, where the American Red Cross units arrived on October 14. 1914.

The following composed two other units who arrived in Breslau with the above, but were assigned to Austria:

Unit "E"	*Unit "K"*
Surgeons:	Surgeons:
CHAS. McDONALD	C. A. SNODDY
H. Jewett	Fred Benton
Jas. C. Miller	Walcott Dennison
Nurses:	Nurses:
ALICE C. BEATLE	LYDA W. ANDERSON
Katrina E. Hertzer	Elizabeth Dooley
Eva P. Mantner	Genevieve Dyer
Mollie L. McKenney	Lulu B. Martin
Clarabel Schofield	Bertha Butterfield
Clara P. Reynolds	Cynthia Richardson
Mary Graham	Anna Sutter
Grace Bentley	Margaret Leonard
Margaret C. McGuire	Ella Hoff
Rosnia Volk	Ella Weimann
Julia S. Schneider	Anna Domershousen
Katherine M. Volk	Margaret Bodkin
Nettie Eisenhard	Marie Minshall

CHAPTER I.

Christmas Day in Gleiwitz, 1914.

It was now more than two months since the American Red Cross units had been officially received in Breslau. The provincial and municipal authorities as well as the populace turned out to see and to welcome the "sisters in gray with their long capes and slouch hats," and the crowds were so dense that the local police had to make way for the autos which brought them from the station. In the Savoy Hotel where they dined, the orchestra played American airs and the Stars and Stripes and the German Eagle floated side by side.

Most of them could speak the German language and the rest were ambitious to learn. Moreover, they asked to be sent to the front, if necessary, or to any place where they could handle the severest cases. The war in Poland was then at its worst, and thousands of the wounded were coming across the frontier for treatment in the border hospitals, two of which were in Upper Silesia. *Unit "I"* was accordingly sent to Gleiwitz and *Unit "G"* to Cosel.

Here they labored incessantly and, to the German mind, successfully. The Consulate was one of their principal avenues of communication with

friends and relatives at home, and it was only natural that we should thus become closely acquainted. Indeed, I took particular pride in using my official influence to make them comfortable and happy so far as other duties would permit; and when they invited me to spend Christmas Day with them, I was fortunately in a position to accept their hospitality.

Early in the morning, I started on the two-hour trip to Gleiwitz. (Distances in Germany are always measured by clock time.) After a very pleasant ride through Silesia, I arrived just as the church congregations were being dismissed. Inquiry for the "American Red Cross" brought a prompt response, for everybody seemed to know them by their cheerful and happy dispositions. Being a bright, clear morning, I decided to walk to the Victoria Theatre which had been transformed into a hospital for their accommodation.

The church bells were pealing out the typical Christmas spirit. The bells are always rung at the close of services in Germany. People were greeting each other with "Fröliche Weinacht" on all sides. Windows and doors were decorated with laurel wreaths and holly. The smell of turkey and goose was in the air, and strains of music seemed to welcome even me, a stranger in a strange city.

The "Tannenbaum" and other German Christmas songs seemed to resound from every house; and even if there was sorrow in the homes due to the loss of loved ones in the war, the spirit of Christmas still prevailed. But just why God should choose to strike my weakest point through my strongest sense, I could never understand. Yet, that is just what happened; for when I heard the old familiar strain "Holy Night" sung by male voices that morning, it sent a thrill to my heart which I shall never forget.

In an instant my thoughts passed through 4,000 miles of space, back to Philadelphia. There, at that very moment (for there is a difference of six hours in time between Gleiwitz and Philadelphia) I heard *"My boys"* singing that same hymn just as they sang it for the first time eight years before. Call it imagination if you will, but it was real to me.

In this flood of thoughts which overpowered me for a minute, I stood again in the midst of them. I could see my wife and children gathering around the Christmas tree in our happy home; not so happy now, perhaps, but just as real, nevertheless; for this was the first Christmas I had ever spent away from my dear family. But all this was a necessary prelude to the succeeding

Wilhelmstrasse, Gleiwitz. Typical street scene.

events and experiences of the day, and I shall never forget its influence and its effect.

One more square and I arrived at the theatre. Here the American surgeons and nurses welcomed me most cordially; and after this mutual exchange of greetings, I first stepped into a war hospital. Once the scene of frivolous amusement and gay diversion, where music, song, and repartee greeted an expectant audience, it was now a place of sorrow, pain, and death.

On the center of the stage was a great Christmas tree trimmed in true American style by the busy sisters while their patients slept. Above it waved the Red Cross banner with the American flag on one side and the German flag on the other. This was the most practical evidence of the spirit of true Christian charity which prevailed between the two governments at that time.

Directly inside of the entrance was a watchful sister keeping an open eye upon the patients while she made a record of their conditions and a history of each case. We shall soon see, however, that some of these records were about to be transferred to the great "Book of Life."

In the meantime, the light step, loving touch, and soft words of the nurses seemed to blend in strange harmony with the suppressed moans of the wounded and dying soldiers. Here and there

American Red Cross Hospital in Gleiwitz.

a wife or daughter sat by the bedside of her hero, and innocent children played around the cots of the convalescent.

On the first cot lay a German university professor with a shattered elbow and a long bullet wound in his thigh. His young wife was entertaining him with a Christmas story. When his wound was dressed, he discovered that he could lift his arm just a little; but it was the first time he could do so without assistance, and he was very happy.

Directly opposite was a Westphalian who had been wounded in Russia. His right hand was gone, and he also had a flesh wound in his thigh. For two weeks he had been trying to write a letter with his left hand telling his wife and children that he was improving and happy. One of the volunteer nurses now came to his assistance and the letter was completed.

By his side was a Russian brought in from the same battlefield. Unfortunately, however, he could not communicate with his family who probably did not even know that he was alive. Many long weeks afterward he was exchanged, via Stockholm, for a German whose condition was equally helpless.

It was the policy of Germany to send troops from the western provinces to fight in Russia,

while those from Silesia and the eastern provinces were generally sent to France or Belgium. Bavarians and Saxons were sent to either front. Thus none of the soldiers were compelled to fight against their immediate neighbors in the surrounding countries. This was one way of preserving discipline and preventing treachery.

Two orderlies now came in to remove a pale young chap to the operating room. His knee cap was shattered, but the bullet and broken bones were removed without amputation. A few hours later he showed me his bullet which was treasured as the most precious memento of his services for the Fatherland.

By his side was a heavily bearded Austrian who had left a large family somewhere in Bohemia. As his wounds were being dressed, he sat up and took a few puffs from his new Christmas pipe which had been sent to him by a friend. Most of the Austrians, however, preferred cigarettes.

The next fellow was not so fortunate. His bullet crossed his chest and made a very "pussy" wound in his arm near the shoulder. Just then I took a short walk into the open air. The surgeon smiled but the nurse probably understood. It must be remembered that I was only an

amateur in hospital visiting then, but it did not take me long to become hardened to such scenes.

Upon my return I was introduced to a Galician who had both feet frozen so badly in the trenches that they had to be amputated. For three days he wept continually, although he insisted that his feet did not pain him. Then he confided his troubles to a nurse, and asked her how he should ever be able to walk home to his wife and seven children without his feet. It appears that he had never been in a railroad train before he was brought to the hospital.

At the end of the next row of cots, I noticed one which was screened all around. "What have you there?" I inquired. A nurse led me on with silent tread. "Hush! The man is dying—yes, he is dead." That very morning the doctors had made one last desperate attempt to save his life. He was found on the battlefield December 18, with his thigh shattered. After two days of rough riding on a plain country cart, he was finally brought to the hospital train where his leg was amputated. After that he had three hemorrhages. Transfusion of blood was their last hope. When the lieutenant in charge of the hospital orderlies was asked to find a comrade who would be willing to part with some of his blood, he bravely volunteered to do it him-

self. The operation was apparently successful. The patient rallied for a while, but it was too late.

Just two cots away was another truly pathetic case. Between the nurse on one side patiently administering oxygen in a last attempt to save his life and a priest on the other side administering extreme unction in an equally desperate attempt to save his soul, the "Death Angel" triumphantly escaped with another victim. Two deaths on Christmas Day.

Dr. Spearman now invited me to look at one of his appendicitis cases upon whom he had operated the night before. By his side was a young German nurse whose bashful, pleading, blue eyes betrayed a most romantic admiration. The doctor is only human of course, and on October 16, 1916, he returned to Germany to claim his assistant for life. And the wedding bells rang joyously.

Dr. Sanders then took me across the street to the home of an eye specialist who had given his private hospital for the accommodation of wounded officers. As we entered, two orderlies brought out a new patient to have X-ray photographs made of his wounds. A third orderly handed the doctor a few photographs of another

patient upon whom an operation was performed the next day.

Thus, one science aids another. By means of these X-ray pictures the bullets are located exactly, and the necessary cut and probe are as small as possible. The X-ray has also played an important part in military dentistry and in all wounds of the head and face. No hospital would be complete without such an equipment.

Entering the officers' quarters, we found a rather jolly crowd considering the serious nature of their wounds. Here was one fellow with a bandage all around his head. Both of his eyes were shot out. Otherwise, he said that he was feeling fine and almost ready to go home. Commenting upon the loss of his eyes he said: "Well, Sir, I am sure of one thing. I shall never see the Russians triumph over Germany."

Another fellow was kicked in the face by a Russian horse and half of his cheek was cut to the bone. "Just another evidence that the Russians do not know how to ride a horse," he said. "German horses keep their hoofs on the ground." "However, with a horseshoe in my face," he declared, "no harm can ever befall me again."

A third officer was wounded in France and again in Russia, but he said that he would go to the front again just as soon as Dr. Sanders

would release him from the hospital. He wanted a chance at the British next, declaring that he would lick them or die in the attempt. While I was practising my poor German upon these officers to their intense amusement, the doctor was performing a slight operation on another patient.

The bullet, in this case, entered the left eye; passed behind his nose and out of the right cheek. It then entered his shoulder and after smashing a few bones, finally stopped very near the surface of the skin under his arm. With the aid of cocaine, the bullet was extracted while the patient watched the operation.

Another young officer of noble birth, while leading his troops in a charge, received a bullet in his right arm; but it continued its course, entered his mouth, broke all of his front teeth, and smashed his left lower jawbone. This patient was later sent to Breslau for dental treatment. He often dined with me and practised his poor English on me. He was afterwards sent to Turkey to drill recruits.

All of these officers and many of the privates had the "Iron Cross" bestowed upon them as a Christmas present from the Kaiser for their gallant defense of the Fatherland. Next to their bullets, the "Iron Cross" was probably their

Convalescent patients in hospital courtyard at Gleiwitz.

richest treasure; for it was not only an evidence of their distinguished services, but of the fact that those services were appreciated.

On December 18, 1914, this hospital received a transport of 44 heavily wounded patients from Russian battlefields, among them a number of Russians. But they were all treated alike by the American Red Cross. For 36 hours Dr. Spearman never left the operating room. Yet, aside from slight attacks of grip, all the doctors and nurses were well and happy. Perhaps Sister Anna's cheerful disposition was responsible for this; for in all my visits to Gleiwitz, I never saw her "out of sorts" and the nurses were most profuse in their regard for their head nurse.

In the evening we went to the club house where the Red Cross unit took its meals. There were three small Christmas trees on the table, one of them given by the university professor and decorated by his wife. The chef had provided a seven-course dinner in which turkey was the "piece de resistance." Cares and work were forgotten for the next two hours. We sang American Christmas songs, related our various experiences in Germany, and drank numerous toasts to our loved ones at home.

A very striking feature of this boarding house was the fact that no bills were ever rendered, but

this was Christmas and the waiters were most generously tipped.

Just across the street was a German officer's residence which had been turned over to the American doctors, together with all furnishings and fixtures including the servants. When the officer's wife asked Dr. Sanders why he had chosen the poorest room in the house for his bedroom, he replied: "Because there is a couch in that room." The next day a couch was supplied for every room. With books, papers, magazines and an American phonograph with good records, the American doctors were at home. Long after midnight we retired to rest.

It had been a most eventful day for me; and as I lay dreaming of my dear family and *"My boys"* in Philadelphia that night, I was filled with a greater love for home and friends than I had ever known before. Although there was no "Peace on earth," yet I had learned that, even in war, there may be "Good will towards men."

The next day I was to witness more of this spirit in Cosel.

Cosel Harbor. Upper Silesian boating center.

CHAPTER II.

Memories of Cosel.

In a rather quiet and secluded spot just half an hour west from the busy and progressive city of Gleiwitz, nestles the quaint and historic little town of Cosel. Its harbor on the Oder is the center of boating activities in Upper Silesia. The wharves are lined with cars of coal, lime, and lumber which are here loaded into boats for shipment down the river. A few boatyards, brickyards, and paper mills furnish employment to the people, and the surrounding country is devoted to agricultural pursuits.

Like all other Silesian cities and towns, Cosel has its "Ring" in the center of which is the "Rathaus" or city hall. The principal business houses are located on the four sides of this public square and the large open space is a market place for the farmers and other vendors of miscellaneous merchandise. Its churches date back to the "Middle Ages" and all of its houses seem to have passed the century mark.

Cosel was once a fortress with a deep moat surrounding its walls, and it is still a boast of the inhabitants that it was one of three cities to withstand the assaults of Napoleon I. But the city walls have long been demolished and the moat is

now a beautiful valley covered with grass and flowers. Aside from the ancient barracks built in 1744-45, a few military monuments, an ancient castle, and the "Garnison Lazareth," there is nothing to denote its political or historic importance. But it is an ideal place for a military hospital, and that is perhaps one reason why *Unit "G"* of the American Red Cross was sent to this place.

The people are a mixture of Germans and Poles and their language is a mongrel dialect. The men are typically coarse and rude, and extremely rough and almost brutal to their wives and children. Of course, the civil and military officials affect a certain degree of dignified courtesy and politeness, which may or may not be genuine; and they show a rather superfluous hospitality to Americans.

The women dressed in heavily embroidered skirts and shawls of the most gaudy colors, present a picture not unlike a great gypsy camp. They balance heavy and irregular shaped bundles upon their heads with great skill, and the loads upon their backs would often put a pack-mule to shame.

The street conversation is a mixture of light frivolity and pointed repartee interspersed with boisterous laughter. It indicates, at least, the good humor of these simple folk; but it would hardly be regarded as an evidence of superior intelligence. However, it emphasizes the distinction between the

peasantry and the ruling class; and thus keeps each in its properly appointed sphere. As a further evidence of the good will of the military authorities, there was a band which daily rehearsed patriotic and other musical selections in the "Ring."

The barracks were filled with soldiers mostly from other parts of the Empire, but this is only another way of weaning them from their families before they are sent to the front. The soldiers from Cosel were then, no doubt, somewhere near the western frontier or in France.

The American Red Cross was assigned to the "Garnison Lazareth" with a schoolhouse and a private dwelling as annexes. Unlike my experiences in Gleiwitz, no one seemed to know exactly where the hospital was located. The "kutcher" drove me all around the town before he found the right place. But once inside, I forgot all these little distractions in the cordial welcome which awaited me.

The hospital was certainly better adapted for that use than the large theatre in Gleiwitz. Instead of one large room where all the patients could hear and see each other, there were a number of smaller rooms with about eight or ten patients and one nurse in charge of each room.

There was also a marked difference between the patients at Gleiwitz and those at Cosel. The former,

being fresh from the battlefields, showed the results of cruel warfare. The latter, being older patients, showed the results of careful American Red Cross treatment. Cosel had seen its worst, and almost all of the patients were ready to be transferred to some other hospital or to return to the front, only to make room for others who were sure to come soon.

The hospitals in Gleiwitz had a capacity of 150 beds while those in Cosel could accommodate about 120. Between the two, about 1,600 patients had been handled in a little more than two months. But there are also a large number of German Red Cross hospitals in the district, and the total number of wounded who had been treated in all of these Silesian hospitals probably exceeded 25,000 at that time.

Dr. Bradbury who was just about to make his rounds, kindly invited me to accompany him. Having partly recovered from the effects of the previous day, I was somewhat braver in the presence of blood and pus. There were no operations scheduled for that day, however, so I gladly consented to go with him.

In one room there were three men with their left legs amputated, but their wounds were healing nicely under the good care of the nurse in charge. These amputations had been made on the hospital trains, but it was the object of the American doc-

Military Barracks, Cosel, built in 1744-45.

tors to save a limb rather than to cut it off, and some of their experiences and experiments were truly marvelous to my untrained mind.

In another room were two men with shattered arms, but they were not amputated. Another patient had a deep wound near the shoulder which was being washed by a continuous flow of some antiseptic solution until the patient was strong enough to stand an operation. (In this case, an artificial shoulder joint was made for the patient, set into place, and after the most careful treatment and proper exercise, the arm was healed and the man was able to use it freely.)

Here was another man who had his hand shot away in battle and his leg broken by a bullet. For 18 days he lay on the battlefield, crawling from one dead comrade to the other, eating what food he could find in their knapsacks and drinking from their canteens. So fierce was the continuous cannonading that he could not be removed. When he was finally discovered by a Red Cross dog, the stump of his hand was so badly infected by contact with the dirt and horse manure that tetanus had already set in when he reached the hospital. He died a few days afterwards.

In the next room we met the spirit of optimism personified. This fellow had received his first wound in the head, which was soon healed.

The "Sisters in Gray." Unit "G" at Cosel—Sara R. McCarron, Ellen J. Thomas, Anna E. Goertz, Hattie B. Moore, Louisa Siegel, Frances H. Meyer, Esther Rosenberg, Lillian L. Halliday, Grace Wilday, S. Louise Stone.

Next his leg was shot away above the knee, but he had now again almost recovered. He had the "Iron Cross" and I remarked that he could now go home covered with glory and honor.

"Not yet," he replied.

"Why, surely you are not in condition to fight again," I answered.

"Yes, sir," he replied most enthusiastically. "I am now going to get a wooden leg and join the cavalry."

By his side was another unfortunate fellow who had also lost a leg, but he was happy as he held hands and chatted with his young wife by his bedside. "And besides," she assured me, "Countess Einsiedel of the Schloss Riebersdorf in Saxony has promised him an artificial leg of real cork just as soon as he gets out of the hospital."

Our next patient had two shrapnel bullet wounds in the same leg. A shell had burst over his artillery team as it was going into action, killed the six horses, and blew one of his comrades to atoms. He was the only survivor.

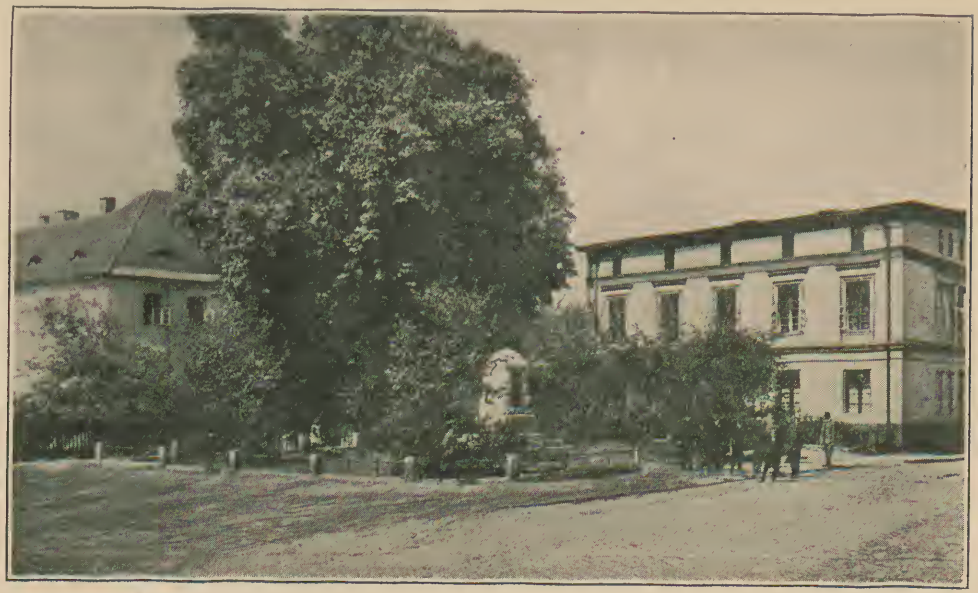
We entered the next room to find a young fellow almost recovered, sitting in a chair and playing a mandolin while his comrades were singing Christmas hymns and patriotic songs. Just then the son of the commander came in and insisted upon singing a German love song for the benefit

of the "swester" in charge. Too bad she could not understand everything he sang, for he assured her that he meant every word of it. (Later, the young man was sent to France, wounded in battle, returned to Breslau, and informed me that his sentiments had not changed in the least. But the good sister is whole-hearted to this day.)

There was only one wounded officer in this hospital, and he greeted me very cordially, although Dr. Bradbury told me that he was the only grouch in the place—possibly because he had no companions to share his misery.

In another room I found a patient who had his eyeball cut by a piece of flying shrapnel. Although the humor was already oozing out of the cut, Dr. Newman resolved to try an experiment. He put a stitch into the eyeball, healed it up, and the fellow sees again.

And now I was introduced to the model patient. Giesa had been here for nine weeks. His bullet entered the right side breaking a rib, emerged from the other side taking another rib with it, and then lodged in the arm from which it was extracted. This was the most terrible wound I had yet seen, and I had to turn away for a while as it was being dressed. But he was happy and the nurse said that he was always smiling. His wife was by his bedside and his



The "Garnison Lazareth" in the background in which Unit "G" of the American Red Cross was established at Cosel.

little boy was playing with the toys under the Christmas tree. But right here, I had my most interesting conversation with a patient.

"How do the American Red Cross nurses treat you?"

"Consul," he replied, "they are angels come to earth again." (He had the Christmas spirit even in his misery.)

"Then, they should also have the Iron Cross like you," I ventured to say.

"No, Herr Consul," and turning his eyes upward, he replied: *"They will get the Golden Crown."*

Perhaps it is only human weakness, but if I could have changed my position just then, I would rather have been an American Red Cross nurse than an American Consul. There may not be so much honor in the former, but in this case, it was certainly more highly appreciated.

It was my extreme pleasure to visit Cosel later, and Giesa was always my favorite patient. On one occasion, he was fixing the fire in the room, almost recovered; and one month later his wife and child took him home.

It is doubtful whether Americans can ever appreciate the significance of the "Iron Cross" to the German soldier; and it is not exactly desirable that we should. On the other hand, the American soldier will soon be brought into

direct contact with the "Red Cross," and will learn from experience just what it means to the whole civilized world. The following pages will help the reader to understand both. Perhaps we will then agree that Giesa was right.

CHAPTER III.

The Iron Cross—Service.

When Frederick Wilhelm III conceived the idea of the Iron Cross as a reward for military services, he played upon a characteristic weakness which is prevalent in Germany to-day. Pride in their achievements is the chief incentive for all that is good or bad in Germany. Incidentally and quite logically, he also instilled into the German minds the spirit of selfishness which later found its highest expression in "Deutschland uber Alles," which has now been so successfully drilled into their lives that it actually threatens the whole civilized world.

The history of Prussia for the last hundred years is a history of conquest and self-aggrandizement. Her wars with Denmark, Austria and France and her subsequent development into a world power have been only a prelude to the great ideal of a world empire which has possessed the House of Hohenzollern for centuries.

Her perfidious war on Austria for possession of Schleswig-Holstein is only one evidence of her base insincerity. Her treaties with Italy and Austria in forming the Triple Alliance were certainly not made for the benefit of either of those

powers. No treaty of peace was ever more unjust and more unsatisfactory than that of Berlin in 1878; but it robbed Russia of the fruits of her war with Turkey, and incidentally made the latter a tool for future exploitation.

Germany also kept the pot boiling in the Balkans for half a century and financed the Turk in his recent war with Italy. But the matter of financing this decrepit and dishonorable old despotism might be excused if there had been no other motives to the discredit of Germany. It is not generally known, yet nevertheless proven by statistics that Germany furnished all the arms and ammunition for Turkey in the war of 1910-12, and not a pound to her own ally of the "Dreibund." The German people have also conveniently forgotten that our own American soldiers in the Spanish-American War were shot down by Mauser rifles and "dum-dum" bullets "Made in Germany."

It would be interesting to know just why Germany sold such enormous quantities of Krupp products to China, Brazil, and South Africa in the years immediately preceding the present war. There were neither wars nor revolutions in those countries then. Was Germany secretly equipping its numerous "Vereins" in those countries to

assist the Fatherland in the great world conquest?

Recent disclosures in Brazil and China would seem to indicate nothing less. But when American exporters sold any of these munitions of war to the allies in the early days of the war, Germany protested loudly against this unneutrality. When I brought these facts to the attention of a German "Geheimrat" in Breslau who was fully acquainted with the figures, he openly admitted that perhaps "Germany is now suffering for her own sins."

One incident will illustrate the ignorance of the common soldier upon this question. When I was coming home on leave of absence in 1916, a German soldier was one of the occupants of the same coupe with me. He was very friendly until we came to the terminal station when he turned to me with these words.

"Tell President Wilson that we Germans thank him most sincerely for the good ammunition he is now delivering to France. It is excellent stuff and almost every shell explodes."

"Yes," I replied. "It is somewhat better than that which the Krupps delivered to Spain in 1898."

But the Heine failed to understand.

Since 1871, Germany has preserved an apparently peaceful attitude towards the rest of

Old Royal Palace, Breslau, where Frederick Wilhelm III founded the order of the "Knights of the Iron Cross."

the world. It was a boast of Kaiser Wilhelm II that he had ruled his people in peace for a quarter of a century. But during this time his subsidized adjuncts, the Krupps, were busily equipping loyal Germans everywhere for the one great conquest when "Ich und Gott" should rule the earth.

The International Peace Conferences in The Hague in 1899 and 1907 lacked only the support of Germany and Japan to make them permanently effective. Germany was probably enlarging her navy during this time just for the amusement of the people. Her international spies were also making numerous scientific maps and charts of foreign roads, forts, bridges, and arsenals just to entertain the War Office in Berlin.

The Algeciras Conference, the rumblings of European disapproval when Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovinia in 1908, and the refusal of Great Britain to adhere strictly to the provisions of the London Conference in 1910, all these were signs of resistance by foreign powers to the ambitious schemes of the Kaiser.

Of course, the German people were deeply impressed by all of the Kaiser's diplomatic achievements during this period, and just as highly insulted by his numerous failures. The former were additional reasons for their inordinate pride,

and the latter—well—they were deliberate thrusts at their very existence. No self-respecting German could endure this without feeling the necessity of still greater preparations for the future. They caught the spirit of Frederick the Great when he said:

"Das Sie mich hassen, schadet nicht;
Die Hauptsache ist, Sie fürchten mich."

The German Government was shrewd and sensitive enough, however, to notice the internal dissatisfaction, especially among the Social-Democrats; and in order to allay this unrest, a number of very commendable concessions were enacted into law—so beneficial, in fact, as to impress the whole economic world. For after all, the success of German arms must ultimately depend upon the spirit of the men who are called to fight its battles.

So successfully was this bait administered that in the opening days of the war, Socialists, Nationalists, and Pan-Germans combined by unanimous consent in their endorsement of the Kaiser when he said: "We know no parties now, we are all Germans."

German propagandists now spread the superstition of "German kultur" in every civilized country. German capital built up gigantic industries both at home and abroad. German ships

entered every harbor in the world. German commerce threatened to wipe out its competitors everywhere. And the German people were religiously encouraged to a still greater pride in their "Kaiser and Vaterland."

With the arrogance of a modern Nebuchadnezzar, the Kaiser could point to all these things and proudly say to his subjects: "See what I have done for you in the greatness of my strength and by the might of my power." The stage was set for the great German drama, and the selfish, arrogant dreams of the Kaiser were about to materialize.

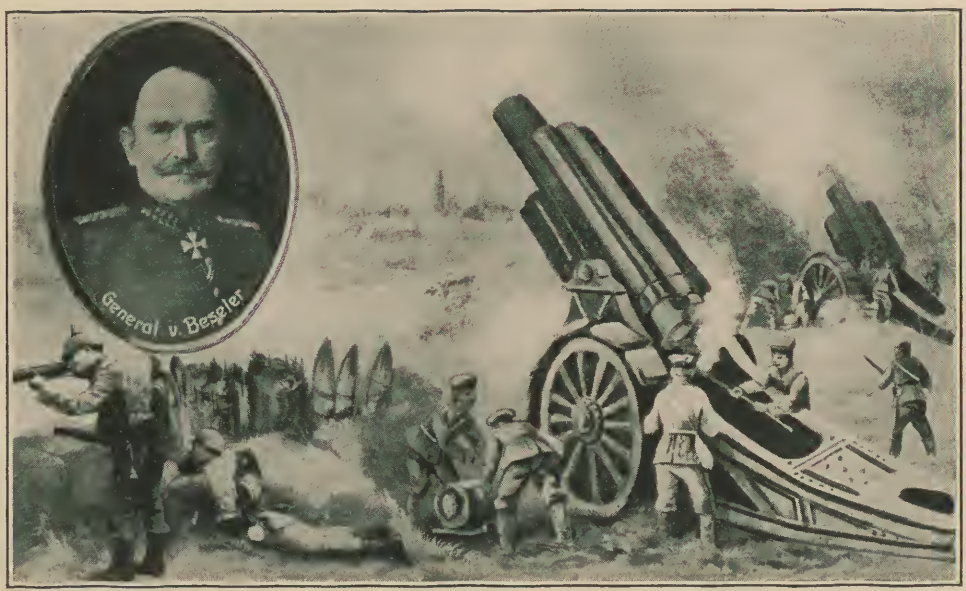
The proud spirit of assurance of an early victory and a large indemnity now caught the people, and no act was too base, no treaty too sacred, and no friends too dear to sacrifice on the altar of the Fatherland. The agreement of the European powers, including Prussia, to respect the neutrality of Belgium was only a "scrap of paper;" but when Italy broke her allegiance to the "Dreibund"—well, "that was a most ungrateful act of perfidious treachery."

The bombarding of open seaport towns, the Zeppelin raids on England and France, and the successful raids of the EMDEN were designed to strike terror into the hearts of their enemies on land and sea. Only by such measures could

England's proud domination of the seas be broken. The U-boat blockade was a "military necessity" called forth by the illegal blockade of the allies in their "starving-out campaign."

The sinking of the LUSITANIA was the capstone of terror to the neutrals, and was celebrated in a most disgusting orgy which would have done justice to a tribe of African cannibals. "Perhaps these inquisitive Americans will now keep their noses out of Europe for a while." "What business had they on enemy ships anyhow?" "Didn't Ambassador Bernsdorf give them ample warning?" "Now let them stay at home for a while and reflect that Germany is master of the seas." These and similar expressions filled the mouths of the common people and encouraged them to still greater atrocities.

The destruction of neutral ships, fishing boats, and every other floating craft was heralded throughout the Empire in countless "Extra Blätter." The heroic deeds of Hindenburg on the battlefields; the slaying of thousands and the capture of ten-thousands; the willful destruction of enemy property, churches, and hospitals; the arrest and condemnation of spies; and the devoted loyalty to superior officers, and personal risks to bring them out of danger; all these were



General von Beseler and the famous 42 centimeter guns before Antwerp.

rewarded by the Kaiser with the coveted emblem of service—*"The Iron Cross."*

Thus the "Iron Cross" developed into the most colossal premium upon national cruelty that the world has ever seen. With this emblem, the poor private might one day sit among the nobility and the near-nobility. No service was too base to perform with this reward as an incentive.

At the same time, the public was made to appreciate the soldier with the "Iron Cross." He was shown every courtesy and could indulge in almost unlimited privileges. With a grateful government back of him and a deceived public before him, every soldier already imagined himself a petty king with a generous tribute for life.

But there were so many opportunities to render the "distinguished services" for which this medal was bestowed, that the "Iron Cross" is now probably worn by millions of ordinary common soldiers; and the consequent personal pride of its wearers has degenerated into a rude arrogance whose future no man can foretell. The following incidents will illustrate the point.

A certain lieutenant who had been assigned to duty in Kattowitz made quite a record for himself in detecting and arresting suspected enemy spies. He brought so many of them to justice that he was finally rewarded with the "Iron Cross." This only

served to stimulate him to greater activities. He accordingly began the practice of arresting all persons who were heard to speak any foreign language. A few more of these victims were condemned and executed. But he finally went so far as to arrest every man of military age whom he discovered in citizens clothes, reasoning that if he were a German he should be in uniform and if he were a foreigner he had no right to be in Germany.

One day he arrested a man of fine form and physique who spoke German fluently but who was dressed in civilian clothes. Upon examination it was found that he had arrested the colonel of his own regiment who happened to be at home on furlough. Mr. Lieutenant's activities suddenly ceased right there, for he was immediately ordered to the front and never returned.

But there are easier ways of eliminating the "Iron Cross" soldiers when they become too numerous. The following incident was related to me by a patient in the Red Cross hospital in Gleiwitz:

It appears that he was a member of the Kaiser's Imperial Body Guard, composed of 10,000 soldiers of the "Iron Cross." This body of distinguished men had been assigned to duty in Russia, and their task was to storm a fortress manned by five lines of machine guns mounted in terraces on a hill. They

Battle of Noyon in France between German cavalry and Scotch Highlanders.

stormed the hill and took the fortress, but out of 10,000 men who went into the fight only 200 returned alive, and this man was one of the wounded survivors.

Thus, the "Iron Cross," once the insignia of devoted service to the Fatherland, has degenerated into a cheap premium upon avarice and inhumanity to man. It is merely the tool by which the ruling class would force its mailed fist down the throats of its opponents. No enlightened government would stoop to the low levels of murder and bloodshed which are necessary to gain the "Iron Cross," and no self-respecting man would consent to carry out the dastardly designs of cruelty and rapacity which distinguish its wearers.

To those who have suffered from any of the barbarities enumerated above in order that some German might claim the distinction of wearing it, the "Iron Cross" means the "cup of sorrow" forever. To the ordinary observer it is but a cheap advertisement offered for the purpose of making men still more inhuman. But to the American people, *the "Iron Cross" represents the crucifixion of Democracy by a selfish Despot who would make the people of the world his slaves.*

CHAPTER IV.

The Red Cross—Sacrifice.

The American National Red Cross needs no apology for its existence, nor does it lack active advocates for its extension. Its membership has now passed the million mark, and its first appeal for finances was met by subscriptions for over $100,000,000. Its present officers and directors are men of the highest business and moral integrity, and its accounts are audited by the War Department. Although supported entirely by charitable and voluntary contributions, which have kept it free from political influence, it is perhaps the most efficient organization for good in the United States or in the world.

A very modest but complete history of its organization and activities may be obtained free of cost from the Bureau of Publications, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C., or from any local chapter in the United States.

It is not my intention to enlarge upon this province of the national society, but rather to emphasize the personal motives and ideals which have made it possible, and the further sacrifices which will be required to complete its work in this great international calamity.

Looking backward, then, we first meet the Red Cross spirit in the person of Florence Night-

ingale in the Crimean War and in the personal appeals of M. Henri Dunant for an international conference in Geneva to consider the treatment of the wounded in battle and the desolate in other calamities. Before this time, war was regarded as an international necessity and its victims were generally doomed to die because of insufficient or improper hospital treatment.

From that time forward, however, the painful results of cruel warfare were brought face to face with the soothing hand of merciful charity and the personal sacrifices of Red Cross societies for the greater benefit of all mankind. It was only necessary to amalgamate these volunteer associations into an international society and to provide for the neutralization of their personnel by adopting an International Convention now known as the "Red Cross Treaty."

At the time of the Geneva Conference, the United States was engaged in the Civil War, but it is possible that some of the suggestions of Mr. Dunant were adopted by the United States Sanitary Commission and put into practice during that time. The work was largely directed by Clara Barton and her associates but its organization lacked many of the details which now characterize the American National Red Cross.

In order to be permanently effective in war, it was of the highest importance that Red Cross societies everywhere should be given an international status. This was done in 1864 and the Geneva Convention revised in 1906 was formally adopted by The Hague Conference in 1907. Although the treaty imposes no obligations upon any country so far as its individual work is concerned, there are certain basic principles which all countries have agreed to support and respect.

The official Red Cross flag of all nations consists of a Greek cross in red upon a white field. This is just the reverse of the Swiss national emblem with a white cross upon a red field. It was adopted as a mark of respect to Switzerland where the first permanent organization was effected. By international agreement this flag is respected everywhere on land or sea, in war or peace.

It naturally follows that every Red Cross organization is equally bound to care for the wounded in battle of both friend and foe, and this practice has been consistently followed throughout the present war. After each battle, when the sanitary corps scour the battlefields for the wounded, all gun fire is suspended, and each side removes all the wounded who are found within their lines.

The field hospitals are always designated by the Red Cross flag and their location is generally communicated to the contending armies so that no harm may be done to the wounded. Hospital ships are also marked by the same insignia and are supposed to be inviolable.

During this war it has often been claimed that the contending forces did not respect this part of the treaty, and that Red Cross hospitals and Red Cross ships were fired upon by both sides. The Germans excuse this violation of neutrality by the counter claim that the Red Cross flag was often used illegally and in improper places to hide the operations of the enemy. In this as in other details of the war it is possible that some mistakes have been made.

The patriotic and humane purposes of the American Red Cross may briefly be set forth as follows:

"It gives volunteer aid to the sick and wounded of our army and navy in time of war."

"It gives aid to the dependents of soldiers and sailors called to the colors."

"It gives relief to sufferers from famine, disease, or other disaster."

"It makes no distinction of class, creed, or race."

"It is a relief clearing house, permanent, responsible and experienced."

"It is a semi-governmental agency for the collection and distribution of money, and supplies for relief purposes."

"It is the only volunteer society authorized by the Government to aid our land and naval forces in time of war."

But during the first year of the European War, the American Red Cross went far beyond these practices, for it sent volunteer units of surgeons and nurses to every war country which needed such services. Turkey alone refused to recognize the Red Cross, but in its stead a similar organization has been created called the "Red Crescent."

The ordinary activities of the Red Cross in peace times are so modestly and so quietly performed that they scarcely attract more than passing notice, and it is only when one or more of the doctors or nurses contract a serious illness in the line of duty that their work arouses any sympathetic enthusiasm. Yet the sufferings and hardships of the distressed in fires, floods, earthquakes, famines, and other calamities are always shared by the Red Cross members who come to relieve them.

But in times of actual warfare the splendid merits and devoted loyalty of the Red Cross service attract universal attention. Let us consider, then, some of the heroic sacrifices which

must be made by the Red Cross in order to bring their work right home to the sick and wounded in war hospitals.

First of all, there must be a trained personnel of surgeons, doctors, nurses, assistants, orderlies, dentists, pharmacists, stenographers, typewriters, X-ray operators, chemists, and clerks. These people must not only have exceptionally good personal training and experience, but they must submit to a discipline almost as severe as that of the soldiers and sailors themselves. They are all under military regulations and must learn to respect authority.

Red Cross surgeons and nurses and all other members of their units are only human, and it is perhaps no easier for them to give up a lucrative practice or a good position than it would be for an ordinary business man to close up his shop or his factory and turn over his business to his remaining competitors; yet that is exactly the kind of sacrifice demanded of the Red Cross in time of war.

It is also natural to suppose that Red Cross members have as deep a reverence for their homes and families as any other class of human beings, and it is no little sacrifice for them to tear themselves away from their loved ones and to associate with pain, suffering, and death in

the war hospitals. The breaking of family ties by a nurse of the Red Cross is no less a patriotic sacrifice than that of her brother who goes to fight the battles of our country. Nor is the mother of a daughter in the Red Cross nursing service any more confident of the safe return of her child than the mother of a son in the army or navy.

During the present war four doctors and nine nurses were stricken with typhus in Serbia and died. The records of other units in less infected countries are just as convincing even if they are not quite so violent. These sacrifices of health, home, and family relations are not only necessary in war, but they are the very foundations of the Red Cross spirit of universal brotherhood. The additional sacrifices of time, money, inconvenience of travel, exposure to danger, and all the other ills and epidemics of a foreign climate are only sidelights upon the great work of the Red Cross.

But the large number of volunteers for this service would seem to indicate that we have passed far beyond the period when war was for men and victory for the strong arm. The rain of bullet and shell is only a part of the great storm of war, and the battles in the trenches are only a test of the courage of men; but it

requires the soothing sunshine of love and mercy to the wounded to preserve and to restore the enduring qualities of all that is best in men and in their governments.

Sacrifice is the keynote of Red Cross service, the ideal for which they will offer their lives. It remains for those who stay at home to show their patriotism by their support and encouragement of its activities. Only by corresponding sacrifices for its maintenance and support can Americans show their loyalty to the Red Cross. The first subscriptions to the Red Cross fund were hardly felt by its contributors. But if we are to appreciate fully the meaning of Red Cross service to our wounded heroes we must contribute for their support until it hurts.

The great majority of us can not go to the front for various reasons. We are not qualified professionally, physically, or for other reasons. We have other responsibilities, business relations, or other patriotic activities which must necessarily keep us away from the scenes of war.

We are unskilled in binding up a wounded arm or leg, but we may be able to make rolls of bandages for that purpose. We could not handle a patient in his bed or cot, but we can buy or make clothing for him to wear. We would hardly know just what food to give to a con-

valescent, but we can perhaps raise the kind of food which the nurses will require.

We can not transport a wounded man from the battlefield, but we may be able to make stretchers for that purpose or contribute the price of an automobile to bring him back to the field hospital. We may not be able to give up our houses and homes for the accommodation of wounded patients in a foreign land and it may not be necessary for us to do so in our own country, but we may be able to care for the wives and children of those who have gone to the front or to provide them with food and raiment. We may not be able to handle a surgical instrument in the operating room, but we may be able to pay for a set of tools to be used by a skilled surgeon of the Red Cross. We might never be able to locate a cruel bullet in the body of a soldier, but we might equip a hospital with a good X-ray apparatus to find such bullets.

We may not be able to give ten hours a day to Red Cross work at home, but perhaps ten women could manage to give one hour each. We may not have large funds from which to contribute to the Red Cross, but we might collect from those who have. The total receipts from the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals from 1908

American Red Cross surgeons and nurses, Cosel, with German officers, orderlies and convalescents.

to 1916 aggregated over $4,000,000, all of which was spent for the fight against tuberculosis.

We may have to change our bill of fare considerably before the war is over, but it should be considered a patriotic privilege to accept these changes in order that our fighting forces and our nursing staff may have the right kind of food. We may not have a son or father in the army nor a sister in the Red Cross, but we should remember that the sons and daughters of our neighbors are fighting for our liberties as well as for their own. They have already made their sacrifices. Will we make ours?

But the real test of Red Cross efficiency as a national or international agency will only be manifested after the war. At this time it is merely a charitable institution ministering to the wounded in battle and to their dependents at home. It is their present duty to preserve the wrecks of war and to restore them to health and strength for future service. The greater work of restoration in Belgium, Poland, Serbia, and France will be the heritage of the Red Cross and the scenes of their activities long after the treaties of peace have been signed.

The trenches will have to be leveled; the houses of returning refugees will have to be rebuilt; agriculture, mining, and industry will have to be re-

Solarium presented to Cosel by Unit "G" of the American Red Cross.

organized; whole cities and towns must be restored; water supply and sanitary systems will have to be provided; and during all this time the poor and desolate will have to be fed, housed, and nursed back to health.

In our own country there will be thousands of invalids, cripples, and other dependents. Perhaps our hospitals and sanitoriums will be able to care for them, but it is far more probable that many private houses will be needed to give them a home until they are restored to health. Artificial limbs must be provided for many who would otherwise be a burden upon their families. And the widows and orphans of our heroes must not be neglected. We who remain must supply in other ways those things which they have lost.

Only by its efficiency as a peaceful international organization after the war will the Red Cross be enabled to realize its higher ideal of universal peace. This will require funds and more funds, personal and collective sacrifice, heroic efforts to overcome the jealous opposition of the advocates of war, and the most enduring adhesion to the principles of love and mercy by the advocates of peace. The world will have to be shown that peace is more profitable than war, and the only organization fit to make this demonstration is the Red Cross.

CHAPTER V.

The Golden Crown—Reward.

And many years afterward, I had a vision; and behold I stood in a large theatre in Berlin. There were no cots filled with wounded and dying soldiers and no moans of pain and distress. The audience was a cosmopolitan assemblage of men, women, and children of all nations, and the orchestra was playing that wonderful invitation "Oh, come, all ye faithful; joyful and triumphant."

When the last strains of the music had died away, behold the curtain arose, and a bright star appeared in the eastern sky. And as it approached, it grew brighter and lighted up the midnight scene, and on the center of the stage was a fir tree. But the star came nearer and still nearer until it stood over the tree, and behold it changed into a fiery Red Cross upon a white field.

From far away, somewhere behind the scenes, a celestial orchestra now took up the strain; but its tune was far richer and sweeter than anything I had ever heard before. Every heart in that great audience was touched as if by magic, every soul responded to its influence, and every ear was

strained to catch the sound for it was nothing less than

"Holy night! Silent night!"

and I realized that it was Christmas.

And behold from out of the clouds, the flags of all nations appeared and waved a salute, and then bowed in humble obeisance to the Red Cross over the Christmas tree.

Just then a little child appeared leading a snow white lamb. And the lamb grazed under the tree. The name of the lamb was Mercy and the child's name was Love. And they played and frolicked together. And as they played, the child grew taller until she developed into a most beautiful woman. She was dressed in white and her head was bare.

Another child appeared leading a lame and crippled father with a withered hand and wearing the "Iron Cross." And the father took his "Iron Cross" and threw it on the ground at the feet of the lamb. And behold his hand was made whole and his lameness disappeared.

Next a poor Galician appeared with his wife and seven children. Their hearts were too full for words, so they humbly took their seats upon the ground. But the lamb understood.

A German university professor now came forward with his wife, and their arms were full of

books of "Kultur nach Deutscher Art." And the titles of the books were Envy, Hatred, Malice, Cruelty, Jealousy, Deceit, and Superstition. But they cast down their books before the lamb and a great fire came up and consumed them. And behold a very small monument arose out of the flames on which was inscribed "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity."

Now a Russian soldier with a great beard and shaggy hair appeared with his poor wife, but they were empty handed. And as they greeted the university professor and his wife, the latter replied, "Verily, they are also human."

A Serbian peasant now came forward with his two orphan children, for they had lost their mother in an epidemic of typhus which swept through their well-beloved land. But they gave thanks for their own preservation out of the hand of Death.

And now a Belgian family appeared and offered the first fruits of their restored garden to the lamb. And the lamb did eat and was filled. And other Belgians appeared in large numbers and gave thanks for the food and raiment which had been supplied to them in their great distress.

With them also came large numbers of French soldiers who united in a grand chorus of thanksgiving and praise for the restoration of their land

and homes. And among other words, I recognized the following:

"Blest be the hand that binds
Our wounds with tender care,
Blest be the lives of those who came
Our woes with us to share."

And behold a British officer and a Scotch highlander and an Irish peasant appeared together, and they carried a banner on which was written "We recognize no party strife, for we are brothers now."

And now a poor widowed mother appeared, and although she had lost five sons in battle, she came to give thanks for the kind treatment which they had all received in their dying hours.

And a blind man appeared, led by a Red Cross dog. But he also gave thanks for his life even though he had lost his sight forever.

And other soldiers from all nations appeared and held up their hands which had been saved and danced upon their feet which had not been cut off. Then they joined hands like brothers, and the red skin and the white clasped the hands of the yellow and the black, and they rallied round the Christmas tree and the Red Cross flag.

And now an American woman appeared leaning upon the arm of her son who had been restored to health and strength in a war hospital in France.

By her side was an orphan child whose life had been saved by this same woman. The poor child's father had given his life as a willing sacrifice in the great cause of liberty and humanity, and its mother had perished in a pestilence which followed the return of our brave soldiers after the war.

And now came a jolly crowd of *"My Boys"* from Philadelphia. As they came forward, the "friendly hand" was extended to all alike. True, some of them were lame and crippled, some had lost limbs or eyes, some were deaf and rheumatic; but the spirit of "Brotherly Love" in which they were born was with them yet, and I rejoiced that my early work had not been in vain. And as they gathered around the Christmas tree, they lifted up their voices and sang:

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come."

The whole audience caught the spirit of the song and they all joined in the hymn until even the Turk, the Japanese, and the Hindu gave attention and respect; for they all realized now that

"He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love."

And now behold a great cloud arose and overshadowed the scene. And a flare of trumpets was

heard from the north and from the south and from the east and from the west. The thunders crashed and the lightnings flashed and the people stood in fear and trembling, but the lamb was happy and its mistress smiled.

For out of the cloud there appeared the kings of all nations, and with them were the nobility and their courtiers, some on horseback and some on foot, each one according to his rank and title in their respective countries. But there were no soldiers with them, for they had all deserted their rulers and fled.

All the kings were arrayed in their robes of purple and ermine, and each wore his golden crown studded with rubies and diamonds. And as they approached each other, a great quarrel arose as to who should be first among them. And they rent their royal robes and fell upon each other with the sword.

And the people encouraged them with shouts and jibes and cries for revenge. And a voice spoke out of the clouds and said: "He that taketh the sword, shall also perish by the sword." And the kings and their courtiers fell upon each other with a great slaughter which lasted for many hours; but there was no power to come to their assistance. And the "God of War" and the "Death Angel" clapped their hands for joy and danced with delight.

And when they had finished the slaughter, behold not one of them was left alive. But the blood of royalty spread out in four directions and overflowed the land like a burning lava stream. And one branch flowed towards the north into the North Sea and bathed the coast of England; and another flowed towards the south and lost itself in Mesopotamia; and another flowed towards the west into Belgium; and the fourth flowed towards the east and disappeared in Poland.

And behold the people saw that the great sacrifice was completed and that the blood of royalty was spread out in the form of a cross. And they of the Iron Cross came forward and collected the crowns of the kings and threw them into a great cauldron, and they built a roaring fire under the cauldron so that the crowns were melted and the jewels floated upon the surface of the molten metal.

And the restless spirits of the dead assembled around the great stream of blood which flowed out in four directions, and they bathed in the stream and immediately they had rest and retired to their graves.

And behold the heavens were opened and copious showers of blessing watered the earth, and the sun dried up the stream of blood, and there was peace among mankind. And all the people shouted for joy and sang hymns of praise and thanksgiving.

And now the scene was changed. The dead bodies of the kings and their courtiers were carried away by great flocks of ravens. The Christmas tree was gone and in its place there stood a great white throne. And the woman in white ascended the throne and the lamb was her footstool. All of her courtiers carried Red Cross flags and assembled before the throne to do her honor.

Finally the spirit of Giesa appeared. His face was wreathed in smiles, and his eyes expressed that humble and tender devotion which endeared him to his nurse in the hospital. And as he stepped before the cauldron, behold a great noise was heard and the cauldron cracked and fell in pieces to the ground.

And lo, the gold of the royal crowns was transformed into another crown of matchless beauty. And the rubies were melted together in the form of a cross and the diamonds formed a field of dazzling white behind it. And all of these priceless jewels were set into the crown, and the glory thereof surpassed all human understanding.

But Giesa approached with silent tread and steady hand, and advanced to the throne, where he placed upon the head of his Queen in white the emblem of reward—THE GOLDEN CROWN.

Then the celestial orchestra and a celestial choir composed of all the spirits who had once witnessed her good deeds, united in another version of that old familiar hymn:

"Hark, the herald angels sing;
Glory to the Red Cross Queen,
Peace on earth and Mercy mild,
Friend and foe now reconciled.
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Shout her triumphs to the skies,
Hail your Queen who brings again
Peace on earth, good will to men."

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